

# BLUE GRASS BLADE

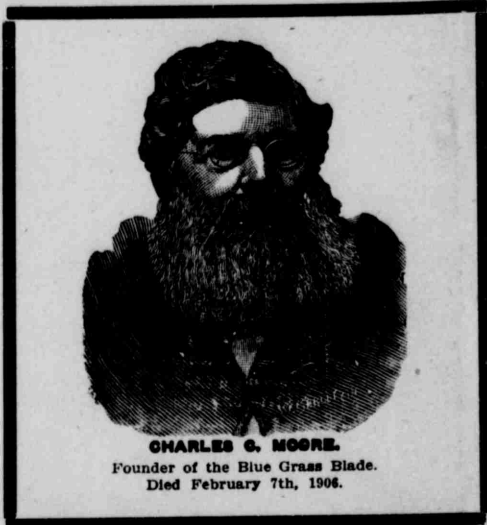
A. T. Parker  
High and Ashland East Side

WE AIM TO CUT DOWN ERROR AND ESTABLISH TRUTH.

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## EDITORIAL

Preaching isn't teaching.

Liberty of brain is the great servitor.

Be careful how you train the human plant.

In the realm of intellect there is no infallible pope.

The true art of modern politics is to conceal existing conditions.

In spite of all prayer and psalm-singing, the votaries of religion are unable to repeal the law of gravitation.

The world is too large, and human life too complex to be permanently affected by the ranting folly of fools.

Judging from some recent American legislation, it looks as if the hired invocations for divine guidance were altogether wasted.

Schiller assures us that even the gods are powerless against stupidity and this may account for the seemingly impossible task of reforming the preachers.

The orthodox mirror is so absurdly convex, or so absurdly concave, that human life as it is reflected therein, and human conditions such as it is capable of producing, are too grotesque to be true.

Religious worship is but a fashionable form of gambling, a risk taken on uncertainties, a mere speculation upon future results and consequences, a practical robbing of earth for the sake of an imaginary heaven.

The core of all religions lies in a passive worship of a supposed supreme being and an alleged belief in man's immortality. One is a mere fiction, the

other a foolish fable. Around them the imagination of men has woven a complicated web to dim and darken the brightness that all should be capable of finding in human life. Some are as beautiful as the robe which Arachne wore, others are both barbaric and repulsive. Science has demonstrated that all are false.

Instead of a bump of reverence most of our American religionists have a hollow in their head. To accept the ipse dixit of any man, no matter how wise he may be or pretend to be, is but intellectual slavery, and this is why Nescience is able to insult Knowledge.

The man who can make it possible for all to earn a comfortable livelihood removes the efficient cause of poverty and crime. Bitter experience should teach the worker that political parties contend only over carefully cooked issues and try to impel attention by beating on tom-toms to avert the political eclipse.

Because of the miracles recorded by the Bible, an ignoramus believes its every word, and yet, because of those same miracles an Ingersoll and a Paine found belief impossible. The religionist fritters his life away in the dismal swamp, wastes his strength with the idiosyncracies of creeds. 'Tis the dogmatists who delight to wrangle anent their conceptions of deity.

The laborer must sell his only commodity at a price fixed by the shysters of capital. Extract the cost of his cheap living and what he has left over is sopped up by interest and the taxes levied on him with which to pay handsome stipends for misrepresentation. Labor is in a compulsory game of freeze out with never a chance of winning.

### CLASS DISCRIMINATION THAT WILL LEAD TO REVOLUTION.

In the name of Israel's god, has the day dawned in America, this land of the free and the home of brave, when toil stained garments and hands that are calloused by diligent daily labor, are to be condemned as a "constantly growing nuisance," and their owners discriminated against by quasi-public corporations, restrictions to be heeded them in public places and class separation insisted upon? It looks like it, and if it is permitted to develop the day is not far distant when the obsequious classes will insist upon an era of legal proscription which will be absolutely destructive of the republic. The facts are that the Big Four railroad company has issued an order to the effect that all laborers in its employ, white or black, when traveling in groups of fifteen or more on any of the company's railroads in the state of Illinois, shall be confined and restricted to the smoking car, and the plutocratic press has taken it in a spirit of commendation and praise as being an evidence of a desire on the part of the company to take due "cognizance" of "a growing nuisance."

For many years the people of the north have made unfavorable comments upon the southrons for their insistence upon race separation. The north has never understood the negro question in the south and they do not understand it now. While refusing to meet upon terms of equality, the people of an inferior race the southron has never discriminated against one of his own race, and it has remained for a northern railroad corporation to inaugurate a system of discrimination against labor that can be but the entering wedge to something more radical, more obnoxious. With it all comes the insinuation from a subsidized press that "other railroads" will, in all probability, "follow such a wholesome example."

So the American laborer, the lord and creator of all wealth, he, whose labor gladdens the earth and whose skill brings beauty, is fast becoming a "growing nuisance," to the plutocrat who fattens and thrives upon his toil. The mere glimpse of his toil stained garments on board a railroad train is "offensive" to that class which reaps the harvest of his labor. This is class distinction with a vengeance, for the laborer is told in plain and unvarnished language that he must not, henceforth, "force their company in dirty and otherwise offensive working clothes upon passengers who have paid for their seats in a car where reasonably civilized conditions are presumed to obtain." Thus the very presence of the laborer in his "working clothes" is looked upon as a source of pollution and an evidence of uncivilized conditions. Are these plutocrats unmindful of the fact that it is from labor that all civilization has proceeded and that without labor the race would soon revert back to barbarism and be compelled to make a breakfast from roots?

But, stand back, thou son of toil. Remember thou art offensive and rapidly becoming a nuisance. The very clothes you wear and in which you must toil from day to day that you might live, are intolerable to men of wealth and fashion. If you do not like the new rules, why, walking is good and remember that on a railroad train the room you would occupy, is more preferable than your com-

pany. Remember, though, that the poorest beggar is equally an earth passenger with Croesus. He is traveling his millions of miles each day, and he can't be pushed off the earth? Two or three centuries hence the dust of the millionaire will have mingled with that of the mendicant, both of them long forgotten of men. The most pitiful failure in all the universe is he who only succeeds in making money. With the millionaire his deal is expediency and his moral law is simply to do others before they can get a chance to do him. These are to the social organism what a dozen hard boiled eggs would be to the stomach of a dyspeptic. It is not the foolish sound we make, but what we are that counts most in the concern of the race. It is the thieving fox that grows fat by predacity while the honest watch dog starves.

If this new rule means anything worthy of consideration, it is that the American republic has reached the zenith of its glory, is on the road to decay. The caste system which prevailed in Ancient India, once of its downfall and ruin. It is now primary cause of its downfall and ruin. It is now beginning to dawn in America, if it goes unchecked, it will lead us to the same destiny, the same fate. From class legislation we are drifting into class discrimination. The ultimate of this is that wealth will soon begin to mock at poverty and poverty will begin to curse wealth and the fires of a revolution have been kindled which some bold and daring hand will kindle into an all-consuming flame.

### AND A FOOL THERE WAS

With due apologies to Kipling for the title of this article the Blade appropriates it as a suitable appellation for the Pope of Rome. While it may be true that he has said many a "prayer" and "even as you and I" yet it is self-evident that the Pontiff has uttered just one too many and has been compelled to retract, to take a backward turn and transfer his trolley pole to another circuit wire. He is not the first in this line and he can find some consolation in that famous epigram attributed to the late William Ewart Gladstone, namely, "wise men change their minds; fools never do."

It will be recalled that the Pope issued an encyclical to the French bishops urging an open hostility to the new government and the separation law, and the Blade predicts that he would either be compelled to crawlfish or else France would give him and his clergy the grand bounce for all time. It appears that the Pope, who is looked upon as infallible, by some, is, after all, as fallible as it is possible for man to be, and that instead of all wisdom being stored away in his nice, fat head, he is just as prone to make mistakes as the most ignorant worshipper who ever attended confession. He did make a mistake and he realized it, but not until it was too late. He has now been busy trying to recover from the disastrous effects of his encyclical, and has made a retraction unworthy of infallibility in an effort to redeem the church from the headlong ruin in which he plunged it in the French republic. The truth is that the Pope has had to undo his encyclical and issue a manifesto taking it all back. Like David, when the latter called all men liars, he spoke in his haste and was sorry for it. Failing to make good on a bluff, with a pair of deuces, he bunched his hand and passed for a new deal.

There is another feature connected with the affair which is likely to escape public notice and this is to be found in his contemptuous discharge of his secretary of state, Cardinal Merry del Val, upon whose head has fallen the responsibility of the Pope's mistake. It seems that the Pope cannot wait until the heavenly hierarchy comes due for the application of vicarious atonement but he must needs get a sample of it on earth. As a result he blames Merry del Val for submitting to him only incomplete reports of the situation in France which lead him to his almost fatal mistake of issuing his encyclical. To save himself the Pope has got to fire his secretary. It would be better for mankind if the secretary could devise a plan to fire the Pope. Perhaps Satan can best accomplish that job when he gets him. No doubt the Pope can find some virtue in that famous Persian poem on the "sorry scheme of things." In any event the Pope is now sorry that he spoke and regrets his rashness. He would, if he could, undo that which he has done, but the discharge of a secretary for his own mistakes will not satisfy the French people, cause a modification of the law, or restore the church to its former power in the republic.

### THE BLADE'S FUTURE.

The announced change in the annual subscription rate of the Blade has produced but little adverse comment, while the vast majority commend the course suggested and argue that the Blade, as a Free Thought weekly is worth even more than the sum we have decided to ask for it.

What appears to be the most serious phase of the discussion is the suggestion, or prediction, that the Blade will be unable to long survive the increase, made by one subscriber, owing to a declination upon the part of many to renew their subscriptions at the increased rate. This may be true. It may not. We hope not. As a matter of fact we

had anticipated some falling off in the list of renewals. Our hope has been that these would not be sufficient to endanger the continuation of the paper. The true measure of value of any periodical is the success of its mission or enterprise. The Blade has a mission before it and it is succeeding. Shall the success of the mission be a detriment to or the death of the missionary? Surely not. If the Blade is not worth what we are asking for it, then it has no excuse to offer for its existence. True, indeed, we would prefer the one dollar rate could our circulation be made to justify it. That justification does not exist, so under the circumstances, what can the Blade do except that which it proposes to do?

Our friends say: "The Blade must live" and we re-echo the sentiment. We want the Blade to live but we also want it to be capable of meeting its own expenses and give a decent living to those at the helm. Give us a bigger circulation and the subscription goes back to one dollar again. In any event its future will be assured and with the help of its loyal friends it will never falter in the work it has before it.

### ROME BOOK IS OUT.

With this issue we are pleased to announce that the Rome Book by Dr. J. B. Wilson has been mailed out to all subscribers, so far as our list is able to show. We have checked up that list, and it shows every subscriber supplied. It may be, however, that some mistakes have been made, which is usually the case in so large an undertaking, especially being our first venture on such a scale, and if any reader of The Blade who, having subscribed for the book, has failed to receive a copy, kindly notify this office and we will endeavor to rectify any and all errors.

It is a source of satisfaction to us, and should be especially so to its talented author, that the book has been given such a splendid reception, which shows that half of us do not really know what we can do until we try.

While on the subject of the Rome Book, we would call attention to the fact that there are but few copies left. These should not be permitted to lay idle. They ought to be in circulation and well read. The good they can do is almost incalculable. No better or more interesting reading can be found, and now that the nights are gradually growing longer the Rome Book can be put to a good use. As a missionary enterprise it is not to be surpassed. Now, then, what shall we do with the remaining copies?

### PRESBYTERIANISM AND PLUNDER.

The principal lesson to be learned from the suicide of Frank K. Hipple, of Philadelphia, the man who had benevolently assimilated seven millions of dollars of other people's money, is that the public must at all times be aware of the man who is so extremely pious that the moral welfare of others appears his chief concern. The money he stole, while unctuously crying "Amen" on Sundays, represented the deposits of thousands of clients of the Trust company of which he was president.

The incident, for in these days of colossal welching and gigantic thefts, it can be regarded as an incident only, emphasizes a business rule that is rapidly becoming popular, one that is caused by the hollowiness and hypocrisy of religious advocates. Always keep a Pharisae under the gun. Learn to distrust the man who vaunts his virtue and looks to the vices of others. The professional religious reformer who makes his duty to regulate the morals of society, at large, needs watching. When he was not occupied with the practice of embezzlement Mr. Hipple was seriously attending to the moral regulation of others. One of his daily business observations was that he would never trust a man who smoked a cigar, but if he declined to smoke in this world then the good Lord, Satan, or somebody in authority ought to see to it that he smokes good and plenty in the next world.

In religion Mr. Hipple was a Presbyterian, and he worked at the trade seven days in each week, the meanwhile, he was stealing the money of other people. There are, of course, many honest Presbyterians, but Mr. Hipple was not one of them. Yet, he was true to his church. The length of his face on Sunday and the sonority of his prayers won for him the confidence and esteem of the Philadelphia Synod. They made his bank their bank. In it they poured the wealth they had wrung from their worshippers. It came easy to them, and Hipple thought he might as well have a pick at it as they. He picked, but he picked it all and left nothing for them but anathema. So great was the confidence reposed in President Hipple that Sunday-school organizations, which thrive off the pennies of little children, entrusted their funds in his hands with an abiding faith in his integrity. Even these were cleaned out, for he had verily "licked the platter clean, both outside and inside."

Because of his religious proclivities and for the sake of his church family, the coroner held back the report of his suicide for several days, and gave it out that the sacred defaulter had died of a hemorrhage. True, indeed, but the hemorrhage was caused by a bullet fired into his brain by his own hand. The crash was upon him, and from his coward lips the color did fly, and he was afraid of

(Continued on Page 4, first column.)